



VOL. 3. NO. 10.

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Written for The Watchman. Commenced in No. 25.

CONTRASTS OF LIFE.

Volume 2.

SPIRIT HABITATION, OR PLANETARY LIFE.

BY WATCHMAN, SPIRIT EDITOR,
A MEMBER OF THE
AMERICAN AND EASTERN CONGRESS
IN SPIRIT LIFE.

H. A. Cate, Inspirational Writer
and Amanuensis.

It has been said, that "Spirits are just men made perfect." And we say, *Spirits are human beings dwelling in atmospheric regions, and subject to Nature's laws.*

Spirit Habitation being atmospheric, it renders the tissues of the spirit-body transparent, and transitory visible to the physical senses. Spirit substance is the translucent effect of physical substance: it is that refined or sublimative result of natural laws which pertain to *Organic Life*: therefore, we have spirit human beings, spirit flowers, animals, birds, and every species that exists upon a material plane, correspondingly exist in spirit or atmospheric regions. The soil of the earth and each drop of water upon the earth contain atomic germinal powers; also animalcule life: likewise the atmosphere contains germinal and animalcule life, invisible to the physical eye of the physical being, but as tangible to the spirit being as the insects of earth are to the earthly being. Within the atmospheric regions nearest to the earth-planet, these germinal and animalcule insects assume a less lucent or more solid appearance; while those existing in a more rarefied atmospheric element are lucent or bright and fine in texture; and many of the species seen nearer the earth's atmosphere are not found in the rarefied elements: the same is true of human spirits.

The more closely allied the spirit may be to the earth, it partakes of earthly color, texture and general characteristics of earthly associations and earthly laws; while the spirits of a more rarefied atmospheric existence, are highly sensitive to all things

around them, and their bodies are transparent in the light, hence, they are termed spirits of light, or spirits of the higher regions, and are qualified to guide others, because they are so very sensitive that they feel their course ahead, and do not go blindly nor lead others blindly in their course thro' life. These are ministering spirits to earth, and thro' those of earth who are qualified to receive them, these spirits uplift and instruct, for truth's sake, those who are physically environed and blinded to the sight and knowledge of a higher and truer life. Our readers are not to understand us as inferring that life while associated with the physical body, and upon earth is not capable of being pure and highly exalted, for we wish it clearly understood that physical beings are capable of reaching the highest, the purest, and the truest state of existence that ever spirit beings have experienced, but this can only be when all associations, all surrounding objects are in keeping with the principles of truth absolute and entire—for absolute truth brings its purifying and exalting effect—there is nothing higher than this. And when a mortal being lives in absolute keeping with truth, he or she is continually surrounded with spirits from the highest existence; for one who lives a truthful, unselfish life on earth, lives in an atmosphere of refined elements; and if he or she is not brought in daily conflict with persons of a less truthful existence than his or her own, he or she may become, while dwelling in the physical body, not second to, but one with the spirits of the highest atmospheric regions.

The *Habitation of spirits* being atmospheric, they are enabled to travel thro' space independent of such appliances as earthly beings are dependent upon, in order to reach from place to place—for the physical being is unlike the spirit being who, by force of its *Will-power*, can travel from Planet to Planet and from section to section within the broad arena of atmospheric worlds.

Spirit beings are not void of sensational powers, for love is fully reciprocated one with the other, and all mental attainments are developed fully and perfectly in the spiritual being.

Adaptability of companionship, and of surroundings are necessary to the growth of the spirit body as well as the physical body, and when these requirements are not to be had on one Planet, the spiritual being will, of necessity, be attracted or guided by others to search and find that

which its Soul requires, in order that its spirit body may become perfected. This same law is enjoined, by Nature, upon the physical body, or the Soul while living thro' the physical status of life's unfoldment.

The spiritual being is capable of seeing into the future of life's transactions; also capable of penetrating, by thought or *Will-power*, to a great distance, even to foretell the time of incidents about to occur, and to look far back to what has been.

And why and how is it done?

It is thus, because the Soul, living in ethereal or atmospheric regions, of which the spirit body is composed, can, thro' the lightness of, or, more properly speaking, thro' the reflective ether which surrounds it and is the constituent parts of its being, see, as in a mirror, whatsoever it has its attention directed to—for Nature provides psychic photography of all things that have transpired; and these are as *Cause* and *Effect* to the senses of a spiritual being. This is also the power of those of the physical body who are sufficiently rarefied in their organization to see into and thro' the atmospheric forces of the Universe. It is not with the physical eye or senses that a physical being may know these things, but is the power of the Soul to communicate to and thro' the highly attenuated organs of its machine or body, for the body is to the Soul, as a box or battery with innumerable connecting wires as nerves, with vital organs as battery discs, while the hands and feet and all other external polarities of the body serve as the electrodes to the internal mechanism of the grand battery or body for the Soul.

The spirit body is the Temple of the Soul, and the physical body is the battery-box upon which the Soul and spirit body play, much the same as a musician plays upon an instrument of wires, reeds, and necessary accompaniments to produce the desired work. The musician does not exist inside of the box or instrument upon which he or she is playing; neither would the instrument give forth sound or vibrations if it be not acted upon by a power outside of its bare construction, but would lie as a thing of death, subject to atmospheric and CHEMICAL decomposition. Albeit, within its structure lies the means of producing varied strains of hallowed sound as well as discordant rumbles of meaningless combinations, all according to the power brought to bear upon it: so it is with the physical body; for every physi-

cal body has a spiritual body ever in close proximity to it, and this spirit body is the house of the Soul, and the Soul can move this spirit body wheresoever it wishes, and the physical body has not the power to retard it.

The Soul does not exist in the physical body, but in the spirit body, and the spirit body acts upon the physical body from the outside, generally thro' the sensorium of the brain down the spinal column thro' the entire body.

The spirit body is attached to the physical body by an aura composed of CHEMICALS, and whichever CHEMICAL and mineral property is the most prominent within the physical composition, so, in like proportion, will be the strength of that aura connecting the spirit and physical body. This will also determine the strength and durability of the body.

The spirit body being ethereal or atmospheric is not felt by the physical sense except when that physical is in a highly susceptible degree of nerve vibratory action. Hence, all mediums or those who discern the things of the spirit, must be and are finely attuned in their nerve tissues, and, consequently, cannot endure, without detriment, the hardening effects of discord, positiveness, and repulsion.

Certain CHEMICALS, when inhaled by a sensitive, will produce a similar effect as that of a positive minded being against a negative minded one, which is like severing the spirit body from the physical body. Why?

Because the action of a positive element, either from the mental calibre, or from CHEMICAL evaporations, will scatter the elementary powers that sustain the aura or magnetism by which the spirit body is attached to the physical body.

This does not sever the Soul from the spirit body, but the Soul, being the intelligence, is sympathetically affected, and the effect is felt upon the spirit body. When the Soul is excited or moved, the physical being feels, thro' the organs of sense, the varied degrees of pain and sorrow according to whichever group of organs and nerve centers the spirit body may, at the time, operate thro', hence, thro' one it might be combativeness, and the physical body would be moved to fight; while if thro' the sense of pity and compassion, the body would be moved to act correspondingly: so on, according to each organ and its functional law.

We will further illustrate upon this in our next.

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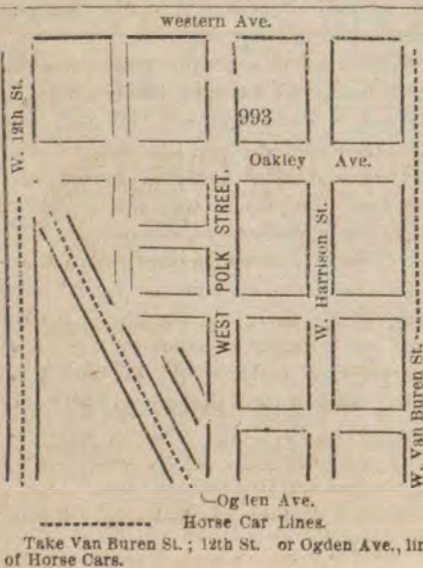
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DON'T BETRAY CONFIDENCE.

TREACHERY is a detestable fault; therefore let nothing tempt you to betray a secret confided to your honor. What if the friend who once trusted you, and told you all the secrets of his heart, has become your enemy? You are still bound to keep your word inviolate, and preserve locked in your heart the secrets confidentially made known to you. A man of principle will never betray an enemy. He holds it a Christian duty never to reveal what in good faith was placed in his keeping. While the Albanians were at war with Phillip, King of Macedon, they intercepted a letter that the king had written to his wife Olympia. It was returned unopened that it might not be read in public—their laws forbidding them to reveal a secret. Among the Egyptians it was a criminal offence to divulge a secret. A priest who had been found guilty of this offence was ordered to leave the country. Have you another's secret in your keeping? Then reveal it not for the world. A confiding friend may tell you a hundred things, which if whispered abroad would bring him into contempt and ridicule, and injure his character thro' life. No one is so upright that he may not have committed some ungentlemanly act, or some impure offence, which may have been done years ago, before the individual's character was formed, and before he had a wife and children. Would it not be a profanation of the most social duties, in a fit of anger, or out of malice or revenge, to divulge a secret like this? A man's enemies would not care whether it was the fault of his thoughtless youth or his mature years, so long as they could make a handle of it to his injury, and thus effect their purpose. Be careful, then, never, under any consideration whatever, to repeat what has been whispered to you in the confidence of friendship. A betrayer of secrets is fit only for the society of the low and vile.—E.E.

Many valuable articles have been unavoidably crowded out, this month, for want of space.—Ed.

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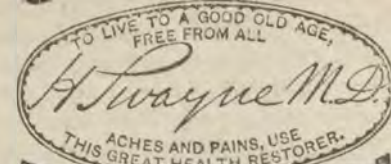
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THE WATCHMAN.

Written for The Watchman.

A MEDLEY.

Tune— "Dennis."

How loving spirits are,
To come to us on earth;
To tell us of the way,
And spirits' higher birth.

Tune— "America."

Oh, Soul of Love Divine!
Speak to this Soul of mine
And make me free;
Angels with holy power,
Send Thou to earth each hour,
Thy children to endower
With liberty.

Tune— "Watchman."

WATCHMAN of the Spirit Sphere!
Tell us of the truths to-day;
Let us learn while living here,
How to journey on the way.
Mortal! yes; as we draw near
To the earth with power divine;
We will make the truths more clear
While the STAR AND CRESCENT shine.

Tune— "Hamburg."

The SPIRIT CONGRESS of the right
Will guide your steps from day to day;
Will lead you in the path of light
While you walk in Progression's way.

Tune— "Greenville."

Angels of truth draw near the earth
From beautiful homes on high;
To teach the mortals here below
That the spirit doth not die.
They tell you of the shores beyond,
Of the bright and glorious day—
Bright doth the Star of Progress shine,
Guiding all along the way.

Tune— "Naomi."

The Soul of Light in love looks down
Upon the homes of earth;
And tells you of the glad new power—
The pure and holy birth.

Tune— "Missionary Hymn."

Come, Reformers, to the work,
Come join this noble Band;
Give your banner to the breeze
O'er Sea and distant land.
Angel hosts in love look down
Upon each noble form;
The Power of God they bring
To help the Cause along.

Tune— "Sicily."

Angels of Purity draw nigh
As you end this journey here;
To show the way that leads on high
And teach there is naught to fear.

—Franchimoug.

QUESTIONS.

All Questions of a general character, forwarded to this Office, whether of a Social, Political, or Religious nature, will be submitted to the Band of Spirit guides; and the interpretation thereof will be published in THE WATCHMAN.

ANSWERS BY WATCHMAN, SPIRIT EDITOR,
A Member of, and Spokesman for the
AMERICAN AND EASTERN CONGRESS
IN SPIRIT LIFE.
H. A. CATE, Amanuensis.

Ques. By S. W. J.—Would a relic, from the spot where an earthly saint died, have any influence or bearing, on the person of the wearer, here in earth-life, from that spirit—could it be termed a charm or magnet.

Ans. If the relic had been used by the spirit while it lived on this earth, the relic would hold scintillative forces from the Will power of that spirit, and would act correspondingly upon the Will or mind of any one of earth possessing the relic: especially if he or she be cognizant of the fact that said relic had once been in the possession of said spirit. In this sense it could be termed a "magnet or charm."

Again: If the relic was only a part of the surrounding material constituting the substance that would receive the magnetic emanation from the dissolution of the physical forces of the spirit in question, and had not been, to any extent, handled or mixed with other magnetics and mental powers; then it (the relic) would contain sufficient psychic force from the characteristics of the one who had last impregnated it; and, to a susceptible and negative person, would be very likely to attract the spirit of the one who had left its magnetic impress upon the relic thro' Chemical dissolution or death. It depends greatly upon how long a time has elapsed since the dissolution of the body: and the nature of the soil—for time and the action of different Chemicals found in certain parts of the earth will entirely change the invisible, yet potent effect of the magnetic impression left upon surrounding articles by the acts and thoughts of persons once using or being associated with them. In all cases of this kind, the "charm-power" is derived thro' the association of the mind upon the nature of the case. Yet, while the magnetic impressions are retained in the articles, it serves to vibrate the mind of a sensitive sufficiently to carry that mind back to scenes and conditions associated with said article containing said unbroken magnetic impressions.

Ques. By J. C.—Do not some obtain the needed life experiences sooner than others; and, if so, are they not ready to enter spirit-life earlier than those who, having attained the full measure of their days, have not encountered those experiences?

I suppose the answer will be, that life within the body is valuable and, to the fullest extent, desirable; and every day brings some new and useful lesson to us. But is there not a point when the antagonisms of life make it so bitter that we feel the spirit caged, and progression impossible? Do such conditions hinder growth?

Ans. Yes, we would answer that, "life within the body is valuable and, to the fullest extent, desirable"; also, that it is thro' the body that the Soul grows to know the law of good and evil or right and wrong. And when sufficient experience has been passed, the Soul rises above those who would hold it in subordination, and gives defiance, if need be, to all conditions that would hold the body in bonds while it is in persuaunce of the laws following the growth of that Soul: and if the surrounding conditions are insurmountable, the Soul will remove the body from these antagonistic surroundings; either by death, or by impelling a separation from physical contact with such conditions; or else it will remove itself (the Soul) from the body, and the body becomes the tenement of another Soul, while the one released will soar to more congenial and sustaining surroundings.

The advanced being will always see, in each day's experiences, new and profitable lessons. And the more advanced the Soul has become, the more unwilling it will be to submit its body to those conditions which bring an abuse of its rights. Hence, when the Soul and spirit realizes these conditions, it also realizes a hindrance to its growth: therefore, it will break thro' its chrysalis and will be free, either into spirit realm, or from one home circle to another, or from one social rank to another.

As growth and progression is the destiny of the human Souls, as well as of all life: therefore, the finer and more advanced will rise beyond the grosser or less developed. And all deteriorating conditions must give way sooner or later.

MESSAGES.

We invite all who receive spirit messages, and are desirous of publishing the same, to forward them to this Office, and they will receive due attention. We require that the name of the medium, thro' whom the communication is given, be published therewith.

We also invite all who recognize any of the messages published herein, to forward statements of verification also to be published, to establish the truth of the messages and vindicate Spiritualism.

J. Wm. Van Namee, M. D., Medium.

P. B. Randolph.

We often hear people express surprise that Spiritualism and the grand truths it unfolds to mankind, are not more popular, more generally understood and acknowledged. It is to us a surprise that Spiritualism has advanced as rapidly as it has when we see and realize how the majority of its professed believers and followers conduct themselves and treat the mediums thro' whom the spirit-world reveals its truth and tangibility. I suffered their persecutions, and slanders, and hatred, until earth-life became unendurable—and I could endure it no longer, and in a moment of desperation I was driven, aye, forced by my persecutors to take my life and end my misery. And there are hundreds of mediums to-day, whose lives are made wretched and burdensome by the injustice and cruelty and ignorance of professed Spiritualists. Instead of seeking to surround their mediums with harmonious conditions and making their burdens easier to bear, they are continually raking up something with which to find fault and produce inharmony—and add to instead of lessening their burdens. They sap their lives for selfish gratification; fail to acknowledge benefits received, or to adequately recompense for them. The medium is used for their benefit—and their sympathy, friendship, aid, encouragement, and kindness is strenuously withheld. When Spiritualists, as a people, treat their mediums with one half the respect, consideration, and kindness that the church people do their ministers, then, and not until then, will Spiritualism command the respect of the world at large—and be possessed of the influence kept from it by its professed followers. I know of what I speak—having been a sufferer in the deepest sense of the word. P. B. Randolph.

Jessie Porter.

To her sister Ella, of Orange, N. J.

Dear Sister: I am often with you, with you when your eyes are wet with the tears you cannot repress. I see your heart-sufferings, and do all in my power to alleviate them, but you know I cannot accomplish all I would. But, dear sister, be brave and strong, and reward will come to you. You shall realize to the fullest what it is to love and be loved; and life will be full of joy for you. Be patient. Jessie Porter.

Silver Bell.

To her medium, Edwin Jakes, of Jamesburg, N. J.

You no do all right, my medie—you do not sit in circle as much as you ought to; you don't like me to make too much talk, but me want to, and if you let me, me do you heap of good. Silver Bell.

Henry D. Mills.

To his brother, James H. Mills, of Elmira, N. Y.

Don't get discouraged, James, and allow your mind to become filled with doubts. What you know, let no one obliterate from your mind and memory. Never forget a kindness shown by spirit or mortal, and you will prosper. Stand firm to the truth—let come what may, and you will realize that God is over all.

Henry D. Mills.

Aunt Mary Stearns.

I want to come this evening because the medium is getting communications for this little paper, and I always wanted to help anything that advanced the course of truth. My heart and Soul was in the work, and my spirit is always anxious to aid it in every possible way. I shall manifest strongly at Camp this Summer. And I am at all the meetings of the Aid Society.

Aunt Mary Stearns.

H. A. CATE, Medium.

Invocation.

By SPIRIT WHITE FEATHER, PEACE BIRD.

In all grandeur, and in the humblest walks of life, do we spirits recognize the infinitude of Soul. And to the Central Soul we raise our voices for more light, more truth, and more power, that we, as spirits, may scatter blessings on every hand; that we may enter the dark abodes of earthly habitation and spread around them the light of truth and wisdom; that we, as spirits, may open the eyes of the blind, give strength to the weak and weary, and bring peace to those in sorrow and trouble.

From the Center Soul-life,
We ask for blessings day by day;
To fall upon each weary one,
Travelling along life's pathway.

Joseph Wyckoff.

Good afternoon, good afternoon: I am glad to be enabled to report myself here, for, the truth is, I have been waiting now some time to get a chance to send home to my folks that I am still alive, my spirit can see clearer now than while I was in my body—not but what I have a body now, but it is different—yet I like it all the more, for there is no pain in this one, and there was more than I could stand with the old one, so I got out of it. That is what they call death. Well, I have no complaints to make, except that I can't seem to make my good wife and family know that I am with them, and have felt pretty keenly the trouble they have been put to in having my affairs settled according to the right of my interests. J. C. W—— is not a square man, and I know it now, but did not when I was in business with him; but he will meet his turn and he deserves it. Where did I live? Well, I don't mind telling; I am from Cambridge, Mass. I am Joseph Wyckoff.

Reuben Smythies.

I am Reuben Smythies of Yonkers, N. Y. I died very suddenly of stoppage of the bowels. I left my mother and young wife at Yonkers, not many years ago, about seven or eight, I passed out of my body, and have had a duce of a time trying to prove that I am still conscious of myself and those I love. My wife, she has never got over my leaving her, as she thinks, but what I want is to have her know that I am with her still, yet it seems she don't know it. I hope to prove it to her soon.

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Contributed to the columns of THE WATCHMAN by the author, THOMAS R. HAZARD; first appearing in the "Daily Providence (R. I.) Journal" of February 14, 1883.

THE PHILOSOPHY AND PHENOMENA OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

By THOMAS R. HAZARD.

"Philosophy, Wisdom and Religion Support each other; he who will not reason is a bigot, he who cannot reason is a fool, and he who dare not reason is a slave.—SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

SECOND CHAPTER.

What is known among Spiritualists as mind or thought reading was one of the first stumbling blocks I had to contend with in my investigation of the varied phenomena of modern Spiritualism. Not long after the manifestations commenced, it was widely charged that neither rapping, entranced or any other class of spiritual mediums, could give reliable information to sitters in their circles, unless the questioner, or some other person present, had in his or her own mind or memory the purport of the alleged spirit's answer. Whilst the plausible theory involved in this objection admits the existence of a serious spiritual phenomena second only in importance to that claimed by the believers in "Spiritualism" *per se*, it was, nevertheless, if true, damaging to a belief in the return to earth of the spirits of the departed and their intelligent communication with mortals still in the form, however inexplicable might be the rappings, tipping and turning of tables, and other physical manifestations, which had become common before I commenced my investigations. As I pursued my inquiries, I learned that the spirits could not only read or divine the thought that was present at the moment in the mind of a mortal communicant, but that they could also discern any fact that sitters in a circle were cognizant of, even if the thought or recollection of that particular fact was not present in the memory of the sitter at the time it was re-echoed thro' the organization of a mortal medium by a spirit. Following on in the same line of investigation, I learned with the aid of my spirit friends that they had the power to discern not only the thoughts that were present in the minds of sitters in circles, and facts however remote, that had once come under their observation, but had been forgotten until they were recalled to their recollection, but that spirits could also discern a knowledge of things and thoughts that had transpired within the recollection of sitters in circles, but which had been so entirely wiped from their memory that they could not recall them under any circumstances whatever. This wonderful phenomena my spirit friends explained on the principle that man is dual in his nature, having an internal Soul body and also an external physical body, each of which is endowed with a memory peculiar to itself, that of the first being present, reliable and eternal as the Soul itself while that of the other is forgetful and perishable like the mortal body it is akin to. If this seemingly rational theory be true, it will be readily comprehended that even the spirit of a clairvoyant still in the flesh, whilst in the superior state may very possibly read in the mind of a sitter (unaided by the spirits of the de-

parted) not only thoughts of which the sitter is cognizant, or which, tho' forgotten, still remain in his memory, so that they, upon reflection, may be recalled, but also thoughts and things that he was once cognizant of, but which cannot now be recalled and are only latent in his mind.

I have never been present at any of Mr. Cumberland's exhibitions of "thought-reading," and therefore cannot speak from experience; but I understand by the *Journal* that if Mr. Cumberland's own theory of his power be accepted, "it is a mental and physical attribute not peculiar, altho' abnormally developed by nature and training in himself. This has been scientifically described as the peculiar faculty and cultivation of the "motor" or sensory nerves, enabling them to receive sensations from the muscles and nerves of others, so as to read even minute and unemotional thoughts when absolutely concentrated." Most experienced investigators of the spiritual phenomena, I think, are aware of the fact that in cases where persons visit spirit mediums to obtain information on any subject of a personal nature, it is claimed both by mediums and the spirits controlling them, that the latter may often be brought into closer mental or spiritual rapport with an individual by the mediums taking the inquirer's hand in theirs; but that this is not an essential requisite in "thought-reading" by spirits out of the mortal body has been established, in my mind by thousands of experiments and examples. If, indeed, it be true that Mr. Cumberland has the faculty of discerning "minute and unemotional thoughts" in the minds of his subjects, solely by the "sensations" these unemotional thoughts impart to the "muscles" and "sensory nerves," then, indeed, I am free to admit that his phenomenal abilities or powers differ from those of any spirit claiming to have left the mortal form I have ever been privileged to communicate with. At the same time I do not mean to be understood as denying that Mr. C. really possesses the faculty of "mind reading," and that the gift or faculty has been exceedingly well developed in him, tho' not on the principles nor by the methods he claims. Mr. Cumberland's advent on the shores of America I think was heralded by a circular addressed to the people of the United States, in which he claims that his labors in the cause of moral, religious and scientific truth in England had received the recorded sanction, countenance and support of more than a thousand of the most advanced minds of Great Britain, including archbishops, bishops, ministers of religion, statesmen, judges, lawyers, scientists and doctors, of every kind and grade innumerable. In the judgment of all of these accomplished men, Mr. Cumberland claims to have completely demolished the great delusion that within the last third of a century had spread itself over every quarter of the globe, and demonstrated to their entire satisfaction "that the exhibitions of all spiritualistic mediums are humbugs and frauds, perpetrated either by clumsy mechanical devices," such as "rappings made thro' the displacement of the tendons of the foot," reading "unemotional thought" in the minds of individuals thro' the "sensations" communicated from the "muscles and nerves" of their hands to his, and last, tho' not least thro' his wonderful skill in exposing the tricks of the (so called) mediums for the "materialization of forms," and demolishing of all these by one decisive blow, administered after the following unique and ingenious purely scientific (as claimed) fashion, and

described in the *Boston Herald* of Jan. 9, 1883, as follows:

"On the open stage he (Mr. C.) showed how he pulled down the slack of the cord at the neck, fastening it to his clothing, and that the tapes that were pulled thro' the back of the bag (supposed to be those sealed around his wrists) were loose pieces of cloth, so that his hands were free, and by loosening the neck cord he emerged from the bag without disturbing the seals. In the bottom of the bag were materials for the different 'makenps,' and by smearing his face with glycerine and applying a mask of cotton batting, the pale spirituelle faces of the departed were insulated." Altho' Mr. Cumberland's unique methods of demonstrating the fraud and trickery universally practiced, as he alleges, by all mediums, sufficed to convince the leading minds of Great Britain that all the vaunted phenomena, including "materialization," is founded in delusion, trickery and fraud, before succumbing wholly to the dictum of the learned and time-honored authorities, I should like to narrate, and I submit to the readers a few more of the marvelous tricks of mediums out of the many thousands I have been witness to, in addition to those contained in my article already printed in the *Journal*, of the 30th of January, commencing with one that I conceive to be purely of the "mind-reading" type. Not long after I commenced investigating the subject, I was sitting one evening at a table in my own house, with Mr. L., an automatic medium, and two personal friends. Mediums of this phase are so called because spirits claim to encircle their arm and hand with some magnetic, electric or other occult aura by means of which they are enabled to write independent of the mind of the medium. Shortly after we were seated, a spirit friend cautioned me to beware of a certain individual I had met and conversed with on that day. On my asking the name of the person alluded to, the spirit declined exposing it. I then proposed to write, unbeknown to any present, the names, as they occurred to me, of persons I had conversed with since morning, and enclose each name in a tight paper envelope, the medium to take each paper in turn in his hand until the right one was reached, when the spirit was to respond affirmatively. In this way I probably submitted a dozen or more names to the medium without getting an affirmative reply from the spirit in control. These included the names of all the individuals I remembered conversing with thro' the entire day, that I could have the remotest conception of being the individual that was alluded to by the spirit. So I paused and asked my friends to change the subject and question the spirits regarding some matters of their own. This they did, while I sat quietly beside the table opposite the medium, simply observing what passed. All at once I recollected having conversed with a certain person on that day that I had not mentioned.

The medium was at the time engaged in writing an answer to some question that had been proposed by one of my friends, but just as the thought of the name of the person alluded to was brought to my recollection, the hand of the medium, leaving its unfinished sentence, flew across the table with lightning speed, and after striking me on the forehead of my head, hastily wrote, "That is it." Nor was this all, but seemingly to make the thing doubly sure, the hand of the medium was directly used to indite a sentence addressed to me, in which the surname of the person in question was so shrewdly introduced, that whilst it was impossible but that I should discern its import, no stranger to the circumstance would have suspected the word to have had a personal application. This I suppose to have been a clear and unequivocal case of "mind-reading," but not

after the "muscle" method, practiced (as alleged) by Mr. Cumberland. I may add that the warning was very appropriate.

Again: It is now more than twenty years ago that my daughter Anna; whilst we were visiting an aunt in Brooklyn, N. Y., was stricken down with scarlet fever. The next morning I called on Chas. H. Foster, a spirit medium, who was then living on Bond street, New York. (I had never seen Foster but once before and then for a short time only). On my taking a seat opposite to him at a small table, I simply told him that I had called to obtain advice in a case of sickness, without saying what it was or who was the patient. The medium asked me to write the name of the sick person on a piece of paper, and fold it tightly. This I did without the medium seeing me do it, and then handed it to him. Taking the folded paper from my hand, Mr. Foster pressed it, unopened, immediately against his forehead, and then laying it down, still closed, he wrote with a pencil: "The sphere of a female; her name is Anna; her friends will communicate." What claimed to be my mother's spirit then wrote, thro' the medium's hand: "My son, we have been to see Anna; she has an attack of scarlet fever. Give yourself no uneasiness; you are doing all that is necessary, and she will recover." This was the purport of my mother's communication, and, I think, nearly her words. All I had done was to put changes of wet compresses around my daughter's throat, pack her whole person with wet cloths, in the usual way, and give her plenty of salt and vinegar as a gargle for the throat. After my mother retired, my wife and several other spirits of departed friends, controlled the medium and spoke encouragingly to me. I was also advised before leaving, to take the hand of the medium in mine, that the spirits might thus charge me with healing elements to impart by contact in like manner to my daughter on my return to Brooklyn. I was also asked by my spirit friends to return to New York every morning and have the healing elements renewed thro' Mr. Foster's exceptional organization, which I did until my daughter became convalescent. Thro' imprudence in eating too freely she experienced a severe relapse, which finally assumed a most threatening aspect, the scarlet fever being at that time very prevalent and fatal in Brooklyn. A young lady about Anna's age had just died in the near neighborhood, and her aunt became greatly alarmed and implored me earnestly to send for a physician. I, however, declined doing so, and started for New York, leaving my daughter in a stupor, apparently bordering on death. At my interview with Mr. Foster my spirit friends seemed to be aware of my daughter's critical situation, but still insisted that she would recover. They bade me to hold the medium's hand in mine for an unusual long time, that they might charge me well with healing magnetism to impart to my sick child, telling me to be sure and lie by her side thro' the night, holding her hand in mine. My faith had about left me, and when about to leave the room I remarked that I had little or no hope of Anna's recovery. Our spirit friends, however, continued to encourage me, and more than once told me that the crisis would be passed the coming night, and that at "two o'clock" in the morning she would be better. This assurance was repeated more than once. On my return to Brooklyn, in accordance with the advice of my spirit friends, I lay down beside my sick, and apparently dying daughter, holding, in the meanwhile, her hand in mine. I counted the strokes of the clock on each slowly passing hour, with the feeling that if on the stroke for two, no change for the better should appear, every lingering hope would depart. Not five minutes before the clock struck the hour of two, my daughter roused from her stupor, and said in a stronger

voice than she had spoken in for days before, "Pa, is there any salt and vinegar on the table?" I was doubly surprised, not only at the wonderful revival of my daughter, and change of her voice, but because she enquired for the salt and vinegar, which had become so distasteful to her, that for many days, both before and after her relapse, it was difficult to get her to use it. Suffice to say that from that hour my daughter continued to improve, until with careful nursing she was gradually restored to health.

The foregoing narrative I think may be descriptive of one of the numerous complicated phases of "mind reading," it having been perhaps thro' the mind of the medium, acting in conjunction with my own mind, that my spirit friends were brought *en rapport* with my sick daughter, and thus enabled to administer healing magnetism to her infirmity, while she was miles away from the mediumistic instrument thro' whose occult powers her cure was accomplished. Osceola, the famous Seminole Indian chief, was one of the guides or familiar spirits of Mr. L., the automatic medium I have before alluded to. Osceola is a spirit of great and varied powers, as most Indian spirits seem to be. On a certain day (being entirely alone) whilst stepping about rather quickly in my corn crib at random, I accidentally hit the top of my head against some hard substance. My head was protected by a thick hat, and I soon recovered from the shock and thought no more of the matter. Some hour or two after I went to Newport, six miles away, in a buggy, and held a seance alone with Mr. L. at his own house, as I often did. Very soon after we were seated at the table, Osceola (who was then as he continues to be, a loved and faithful friend of mine) came in great glee and addressing me, hastily wrote by the hand of the medium, in his imperfect English, "Wasn't you mad when you hit your head so?" Said I, "How do you know that I hit my head?" Osceola replied, "I seed you." This may have been a case of "mind reading," or it might have been a case of clairvoyance wherein the Indian chief was really present with me in spirit when the accident occurred. Osceola was very much attached to my son, then a little boy, and often talked about him at our seances when he would tell me what he saw him doing about the grounds six miles away, describing very correctly the tools he might be using and the child's garden work he was about. When I reached home I generally found that Osceola had spoken quite correctly. On one of these occasions I asked Osceola to describe anything he saw worthy of note in my garden or park. Among other things, he described the representation of a big reptile head, made of wood, that was so placed as to resemble a crocodile looking out from beneath a bush, with the supposititious body concealed. This the Indian described correctly, including its color, with the exception of the mouth, which he said was "red." I told him that he was mistaken, and that the reptile's mouth was not red. Osceola, however, persisted in saying that the mouth was "red." I had often noticed the head and was quite sure that the mouth was of a dark wood color. Nevertheless, on my return home I made it a point to examine it more closely, when I found that its lips and mouth, so far as it was exposed to view, was of a dingy wood color, as I had supposed; but on turning the head over I found that the roof of the mouth was actually of the color named by Osceola, as there can be but little doubt the lips

and inside of the under jaw of the reptile's mouth, that had been exposed to the weather half a century or more, originally were. If Osceola obtained his knowledge regarding the color of the crocodile's mouth from reading my mind, I think it must have been from a knowledge that I might have been once really possessed of, but which had been effaced from my external memory whilst it remained latent on the internal and eternal memory of the Soul. It was however, most probably a case of pure clairvoyance, wherein the spirit body of Osceola or that of his mesmerized medium (or "subject" as mesmerists were wont to call clairvoyant mediums half a century and more before the advent of modern Spiritualism) actually visited the premises and saw the head, thro' their own "materialized" vision, somewhat after the manner described in the following incident wherein it seems impossible that the facts described could have been latent in my mind:

Many years ago I called on Mrs. Gay for the first time, a clairvoyant medium in Boston, and whilst sitting with her asked that the medium would tell me what was then passing at my house in Rhode Island, sixty and more miles away. In a short time the entranced medium described pretty correctly different members of my farmer's family who, during my absence in the Winter season, occupied a part of my house.

The medium also described very correctly an old lady who occupied three small rooms in a lean-to of the house, who, she said, was at the time conversing with the farmer's family, and complaining about her stove, that had taken to smoking that morning so that she could not stay in the room, and very graphically repeated some peculiar words the old lady used in her conversation, which were exceedingly characteristic of her. A day or two after this I went to Vanclose and (without speaking of what had occurred at Mrs. Gay's) learned that on the morning I was with the medium in Boston a quantity of soot had fallen down the chimney in the old lady's room and lodged against the end of the stove pipe, thus causing the stove to smoke badly, on which occasion she went into the farmer's room and complained of the annoyance very much after the manner described by Mrs. Gay. If this was a case of "mind reading," I feel pretty sure that Mrs. Gay did not divine it by any process connected with the "muscles" of my hand or the "sensory nerves" (that Mr. Cumberland claims enables him "to read even minute and unemotional thoughts") for the very good reason that the medium did not hold my hand in hers during my visit, nor was it possible that the incidents should have been known to me at the very moment they were occurring sixty miles away. Mr. L., the automatic medium, was also an excellent "tipping medium," so called because instead of the "spirit rap," communications with the spirits are conducted simply by the medium placing his hands loosely on the upper surface of a table or other smooth topped piece of furniture. (I have known an empty flour barrel used as a battery with equal good effect as a table), when questions will be answered and communications in general be made by the controlling spirits by raising one side of the table and striking its feet on the floor, instead of making "raps" on its surface. Thro' the letters of the alphabet and otherwise I have received by this introductory mode of spirit communication, enough to fill a large volume in print, to say nothing of multitudes of other phases of the "tipping" phenomena, such as the raising of

tables, pianoes and other weighty pieces of furniture, &c., in mid-air, sometimes without contact either of mediums or any other persons in any way whatever. Once, many years ago, while Mr. L. was sitting on the east side of my dining room, full fifteen feet distant from myself and my little daughter (we being on the west side) by way of experiment we placed our hands on the top of a heavy stand with drawers, that stood midway between two windows thro' both of which the Sun was shining brightly. After a little while the stand rose twelve or more inches in the air and was thus held and dandled by an invisible power for some considerable time. I have also seen in my own house a very heavy mahogany table tipped in the presence of Mr. L. to an angle of not less than forty-five degrees without disturbing a large, lighted kerosene lamp that was standing on the center of the naked varnished table. On an occasion when a highly cultured gentleman both in belle-lettres and science and myself were challenging the spirits to exhibit to us their power to move inert objects in the dark (Mr. L., the medium being present), a heavy, crowfooted table was carried up to the ceiling whilst our hands were on its surface, and thrown with such violence into the corner of the room that it shattered an iron stove that stood in its way and broke one of its feet short off. We paid four dollars for repairs and refrained from challenging spirits thereafter.

THIRD CHAPTER, Next Issue.

For The Watchman.

SPRINGTIME.

By Mrs. W. S. Moore.

The morning breaks with rosy hue,
And Nature's loveliness I view:
The Sun sends forth its golden rays,
And birds are warbling notes of praise;
The fields are green and fresh and fair,
And flowers are blooming here and there—
Fair Spring I know that thou art here,
Sweet babyhood of all the year.

The kine upon the hills are seen,
Where grasses grow so fresh and green;
The pretty lambs are seen at play,
And Nature smiles thro'out the day:
The hen has brought her little brood
Close to the door, and begs for food—
Glad Spring I know that thou art here,
Sweet babyhood of all the year.

The farmer hastens in the morn,
To plant his fields with golden corn;
The little maid has taken her hoe,
For pretty flower seeds she would sow:
The little boy with line and hook
Has sauntered forth to yonder brook—
Fair Spring I know that thou art here,
Sweet babyhood of all the year.

The plowboy follows his team along,
Whistling snatches of happy song;
And while he follows his gentle team,
He's thinking of bread, berries and cream
That on the table will be laid,
By the busy hands of a pretty maid;
And better than Springtime of the year,
Is her voice for dinner he longs to hear.

Stony Fork, Pa.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

By Leigh Hunt.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room, he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look, made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord!"
"And is mine one?" asked Abou—"Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still; and said—"I pray you then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great and wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

For The Watchman.

WORK.

By FAUN-NI-NA. (Helen H. Brett.)

Strong gales keep the clouds from raining—
Work lulls the sad heart's complaining,
Thro' the task and the toil runs the paining—
Yet muscles grow stronger for straining
While the days are dawning and waning.

The rose has some scent remaining—
Tho' the mildew its bloom be staining,
And fresh buds are always regaining—
To brighten the Soul's sad 'plaining
While the days are dawning and waning.

Each life has some prize for the gaining—
Each woe has some balm in its paining
And duty grows dear with each muscle's
straining—

For strong gales keep the clouds from rain-
ing,
While the days are dawning and waning.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

A pious critic asks, "What is there in Nature to go back to?" I would answer, All, everything! To live pure, good, true, and happy lives is to "go back to Nature." To study the needs of the whole human system; to develop every faculty of both mind and body to just that state of perfection which will make the entire being as much a MAN as he is capable of becoming, is "going back to Nature."

To love truth, to love our kind, and to continually improve upon all that is, is Nature; is the best and highest Nature we know of. This will carry us, as a race, infinitely farther onward and upward, than any height ever reached by either men or gods in the heretofore. Sun-worshippers have left records for us to admire and to copy, and so have all other worshippers that have ever lived.—E. D. Slenker.

"Had there never been a cloud; there had never been a rainbow."

"Reason is the best weapon to use against error of every kind."

"Never swerve in your conduct from your honest convictions. Decide because you have reason for decision, and then act because you have decided."

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Written for THE WATCHMAN.

DISINTEGRATION OF EARTH.

By MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

When man arrives at his meridian, his material body fades like the plants of the field, withers and returns to dust; and the the spiritual body, returns to the spirit world from whence it came, with all its faculties, and lives by inspiring thoughts from the Soul-center thro' the spirit brain the same as in this Sphere.

When the earth arrives at its meridian, (and this may be the period), it will become demagnetized—as all matter is held in its various forms by the force of magnetism—and disintegrate, as planets are magnets held in their orbits by the power of electricity.

We have searched for information regarding the destruction of earth, and have not found any more reasonable revelation than the above conclusion, that the earth will dissolve and dematerialize in the fields of space, and mingle with its native elements, as the microcosm mingles with the dust.

"The end of the world," mentioned in the Bible, apparently, has no reference to the destruction of the earth by conflagration, but relates to the end of the Age, which is now—this is the day and the hour, the sifting time has come, and the chaff of false-teaching, creeds, dogmas, evil-doctrines, superstitions, selfishness, bigotry will be cast into Hades, with all their relations, and burnt with an unquenchable, spiritual, electric fire that will destroy them root and branch. All the good grain of truth, of loving-kindness, of justice and mercy, love to neighbor and our Father will be established on the "Rock of Ages" that no storms or cyclones of earth can shake or cause a tremor.

Man was, before the monkey. Man was in the bosom of the Father. All things that were made, were made by and thro' the Father. Every plant and herb of the field was, before it grew or materialized its kind—and there is not anything new under the Sun.

Look away—

In the morning of life,
When but few rays of light gleamed,
In the darkness of night
The diamond of Intellect lay deep in its bed—
A moss-covered gem, to be nourished and fed
From the angelic Spheres of mercy and love,
By the Will of our Heavenly Father above.

Inspiration and progression is living. Inspiration is the drawing or reception of thoughts from the spirit-world, God, or world of spirits, and the result is progression.

It depends very much on the quality of the instrument of music what sounds shall be heard. If the instrument is rudely built of wooden tubes (dug out or perhaps burnt with fire and scraped with implements of stone) and the sounds produced by slats of wood of proper length and thickness, tubes corresponding, containing an octave or more of tones; and if the tones are in unison an expression of music may be obtained by using two mallets to strike the slats.

The mechanician drew his inspiration from the Sphere of his development and organism; and the artist may have felt a thrill of delight that vibrated in the Sphere from whence he drew his inspiration when he heard the rude sounds.

The diamond was touched with a ray of light from the Celestial Spheres, and it reflected the infant ray back to the Center Soul from whence it originated, to receive new strength, the same as a Comet returns to the Sun to draw force from its

parent and be sent forth thro' space again to materialize or clothe itself.

So will the ray descend again like the rain drop from the clouds, and refresh the intellects of men (as the gentle showers refresh the flowers of earth)—a magnet, a microcosm, a legitimate child of the Spiritual Sun or Soul.

There is a wide cycle of time between the organ referred to above, and the grand fine-tuned organ of the present period, made of refined material and by master-workmen: and when the brain of the artist is touched with the fire of genius, the thrilling strains soothe the aching hearts of humanity, and they weep and faint under the grand influence.

That little ray of light of intelligence that beamed down in this Sphere, was as a mustard seed planted in the dark soil of earth, and by the refreshing showers from the invisible Spheres, it "grew and spread its branches for other birds of intellect to plume their wings for a higher flight.

Mrs. Minerva Merrick:

Dear Madam:—Please excuse the liberty I take in writing to you, thanking you, "pro bono publico," for your excellent letter and communication, printed on page 14 of my good friend Miller's *Psychometric Circular* for November and December 1882.

On page 11 is an article of my own.

I send you two pamphlets that may interest you, and would enquire, What is *A Fountain of Light*?

My answer is, Your noble pen.

Go ahead, sister, *pro bono publico*.

Your Friend,

B. FRANKLIN CLARK.

[The following is the letter and revelation as printed in *Miller's Psychometric Circular* of Nov. and Dec. 1882.] M. M.

Dear Friend:—I send you an article that may seem as strange to you, as it does to myself, but I think it a revelation of truth, thro' my organism. I have no selfish motive in writing, and do not desire any favors. I have everything desirable and am satisfied with my condition and position. In the tenth chapter of Luke, it is recorded that Jesus appointed seventy, and sent them out to heal the sick, and cast out the devil, which is moral disease, and preach the gospel, the communion of saints and spirits of mortals the resurrection, the law that Jesus was executed to fulfill. I received a message from an invisible intelligence, saying that I was one selected to perform those deeds mentioned in the chapter referred to, and I have succeeded in doing enough to convince me of the truth of my ability to accomplish the works that Jesus commanded and taught his pupils. He performed works before them, to teach them the mighty powers that were existing and beneath his control, and that they, by being in the right condition (one with him, or in harmony) could do greater works than he had done. I live under this conviction of truth, that all the wise men and sorcerers on this plane of life, all the Divines and D. D's and double D. D's, Joseph Cook included cannot cause a doubt of the truths that Jesus of Nazareth taught. The Rev. Dr. Heworth scoffs at the teachings of the mighty prophet, before God and all the people. He defines the works and truths he taught, as "religious idiotism," the production of emotional nature, when swayed by mysticism, becomes indifferent to such a low order of materials as facts and law. Who is able to judge righteously of another person's experience in life. All are born under a

cloud, and must pass thro' the red sea of affliction, of errors and disappointments, and as they journey thro' the wilderness, learn to keep that light that lighteth all men always in view, and we shall march thro' our dry land.

If you send me some copies of *Circular*, I will distribute them among the people of Quincy, put one in the public reading-room and in our elegant College. Seeing an article of mine, may arouse their curiosity, and induce them to subscribe. The clergy have a wall of prejudice as thick as the Tower of London (sixteen feet), and thrusting a lamp right into their faces, may cause them to see themselves as others see them, and change their dress and come out in a true-blue, new dress, as old things are passing away; and new ones taking their place. When the walls are leveled by the battering-rams of truth, they will be astonished to find themselves standing in the broad light beaming down from the Celestial Spheres, upon them, and they without any robe to cover their nakedness. This corresponds with the story of the Children of Israel, a long time ago when Moses came down from the Mountain of the Lord, with the tablets of the Law. In a spiritual sense, it is the same to-day, religion, like history, repeats itself. I wish to say a word here, in reference to my work, *A Fountain of Light*, I have several hundred volumes bound, and I am ignorant how I shall distribute them. I would be happy to exchange with authors of progressive reading, that in time, I might establish a reading-room. I do not wish to receive money for them, nor do I wish to spend any more.

MINERVA MERRICK.

Quincy, Ill., Nov. 7th.

THE BIRTH OF A PLANET.

PERIHELION.

On the fifth day of June, as the rays of the morning Sun shone into my room, a voice distinctly said, "Shake hands, the Perihelion is born," and I shook a person's hand. It was like a flash from a lamp suddenly passing a window, waking me in surprise and wonder, the vision was so real. I was impressed with thoughts of inquiry. Was this the birth of a planet? If so, how was the infant born, and of what did it consist? I have a niece, Mrs. E. A. Kerr, living with me, who is a partially developed medium. We sit by a table and an intelligence makes signs to me in answer to my thoughts in the affirmative or negative.

At evening I inquired, "Was there a new birth of a planet from the aura surrounding the Sun?" Answered "Yes." "Was it a magnet and a ball of electricity (fire)?" "Yes." "Would it draw from the fields of space, and materialize a planet similar to the earth? Draw matter to clothe itself and produce life in due time, the same as other planets, by its negative magnetic center drawing from the spiritual world, which fills all space, the very essence of all life, called God?" "Yes."

The perihelion of planets have drawn, by their influence and near approach to the Sun, a new planet from the aura surrounding it, which is now invisible in its infancy; the Comet that lingers near its parent or has returned from the fields of space to receive vigor and strength by drawing to its center or magnet electricity. In time it will find its natural orbit and reflect its brightness upon the earth, as an infant reflects the likeness of the parent. The Sun, as it is revealed to my

understanding, is a planet composed of metals and minerals producing an aura of electricity (fire) that needs no fuel to keep it bright. It may be millions of miles from the orb or nearer, corresponding with the atmosphere of earth.

The Comet is visible to us in the form of a magnet, the poles forming the fan or tail drawing material from space to clothe itself. The rays of the Sun shining upon matter makes it visible to us. It will disappear and not return again until 1889, and then the draft of matter will not be visible, as it will be much larger, and the drawing of material not noticeable, being entirely surrounded by a sphere of matter or atmosphere.

This information is obtained by impressional inspiration of thought from a Sphere of intelligence outside of myself. There is no inherent force in my organism that can produce knowledge without inspiration drawing thoughts from the spirit realm. We inhale the atmosphere (Sphere of atoms) to support the physical body, as trees draw material to clothe them every year. Mortals inspire thoughts and clothe them with their deeds. One law of life governs all that exists; there is no limit to its variations. All books are written by the same law; there is no other whereby man can think or feel. It is the bread, mentioned in the Bible, that came down from heaven (spiritual world) that if a man eat (inspire) he can never die, but thank on forever.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

AN ECHO.

Forty years ago I was visiting friends in Canada. My brother and myself were in a small boat on the St. Lawrence River among the thousand islands. The sky was clear—a sparkling dome of ether—the Sun beamed down its electric rays, and all was still—not a leaf trembled on its stem, nor a ripple stirred the surface of that crystal water—the islands of rocks and trees reflected their beauty in its azure depths, and our little boat seemed suspended in a Celestial Sphere. My brother had a tin horn about four feet long; he stood on the bow of the boat and blew three or four notes and, as quick as lightning, they were carried, on an electric current, eight or ten miles down the river, and, striking another current, were whirled back to the island and touched four or five more currents, like chain-lightning, in less than a minute.

I am impressed to write, Sound moves on electric currents, and in no other way.

General Duane's observations, on the coast of Maine, in the use of the fog-whistle, says that the signal often appears to be surrounded by a belt varying in radius from one to one and one-half miles, from which the sound appears to be entirely absent. That radius is in a condition that electric currents cannot pass thro'—therefore, no sound is heard.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

AN IMPORTANT PIECE OF ADVICE.

Few readers can be aware until they have had occasion to test the fact how much pain and expense is often saved by an early attention to any slight bodily affliction. In this connection it would be well to explain by way of illustration that any irritation of the skin or symptoms of Piles should command immediate attention and an immediate application of Swayne's Ointment otherwise it might develop into something more than a superficial *Adv.*

Send to H. A. CATE, 993 West Polk St., Chicago, Ill., for MAGNETIZED PAPER for the cure of disease, and relief from pain. Each sheet is especially magnetized to supply the constitutional deficiencies of each individual purchaser. Full directions accompany each sheet. Single sheet 15 cents. 7 sheets (1 per week) \$1. Send lock of hair of the patient as a magnet.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT, containing 832 pages, sent to any address on receipt of price 50 cents, postage 16 cents. Address Mrs. M. Merrick, Quincy, Ill.